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between the Taquarí and Cahy Rivers. Today their settlements lie between Inhacorá (Nucorá) (long. 54°15′ W.) and Lagoa Vermelha (long. 51°30′ W.).

The Caingang of Misiones, Argentina.—At the end of the 19th century about 60 *Caingang* lived in the Argentine Territory of Misiones on the eastern slopes of the Sierra Central, 3 miles (5 km.) from the town of San Pedro, near the Yabotí River. According to Ambrosetti (1895, p. 307), these Indians, who were known in the region as *Tupí*, had come from Palmas or Rio Grande by crossing the upper Uruguay River. A few years later (1902), some of them returned to Brazil.

Literature on the Caingang.—Few data on the *Caingang* can be gleaned from the Colonial literature. Though the *Caingang* are often mentioned in the Jesuit texts on the Paraguayan missions, Lozano (1873–74, 1:418–427) and Azara (1904, pp. 402–407) are the only authors who give short, but fairly accurate, descriptions of these Indians. The accounts of Father Luiz de Cemitille and of Telemaco Morocines Borba were for many years our best sources. Later, L. B. Horta Barbosa (1913) published very exact observations on their customs, which were supplemented by Manizer (1930). Ambrosetti (1895) has written an interesting article on the *Caingang* of San Pedro, in Misiones. The social organization and funerary rites of the *Caingang* were the subject of a special monograph by Baldus (1937 c). Henry (1941) studied the decadent remnants of the *Aweikoma* group and described their culture in psychological terms. Their language is known mainly through an excellent dictionary by Father Mansueto Barcatta de Valfloriana (1918, 1920) and a linguistic analysis by Jules Henry (1935). Ploetz and Métraux (1930) have attempted to bring together most of the data about the *Caingang* contained in the literature up to 1928.

CULTURE

SUBSISTENCE ACTIVITIES

Farming.—The only *Caingang* who subsisted entirely by hunting and collecting were those of the State of Santa Catarina, the so-called *Botocudo or Aweikoma*. These Indians, however, remembered a time when they, like all other *Caingang* groups, practiced agriculture.

The ancient *Guayaná*, ancestors of the modern *Caingang*, are described as relatively sedentary agriculturists, though our sources stress the importance of hunting in their economy. This was also true for the *Caingang* at the end of the 19th century. All their groups raised maize (red, white, and violet varieties), pumpkins, and beans (a white variety), but perhaps depended less than their *Guayaná* neighbors on these crops. Like many Indians who had become acquainted with farming in recent times through the intermediary of

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some other tribe, the ancient *Caingang* were improvident and consumed their crops as they matured, storing none for the lean months ahead. On the other hand, Horta Barbosa (1913, p. 34) states that maize was as important to them as "wheat for the Europeans." The *Caingang* of the region of San Pedro (Misiones), observed by Ambrosetti (1895, p. 337), opened their clearings in tracts covered with bamboo or sparse bush. They broke the small trees with cudgels or by hand. When the dead trees were dry, they burned them and waited until the beginning of the rainy season for sowing. Women planted crops with digging sticks; they also harvested the crops and carried them home. Men do all the farming in the reservation of Palmas.

In modern groups the tiller of a field is recognized as its exclusive owner; if he dies before harvest, the seedlings are destroyed.

Collecting.—When the *Caingang* were still living in their aboriginal condition, pine nuts of *Araucaria angustifolia*, a tree which has a distribution coinciding more or less with that of the tribe, was fundamental to the native diet. From April to June the Indians gathered in the forests to climb the trees and knock down the ripened fruits, which the women helped to pick up. The climbing technique—also used in getting honey or in robbing birds' nests—was to pass one noose around the feet, another around the tree and the climber's back, and alternately move the two bands up the trunk. The *Aweikoma-Caingang* used only a noose of bamboo strips.

The *Caingang* also collected wild tubers (*Dioscorea* sp.) and a great many wild fruits, such as jaboticaba (*Myrciaria* sp.), pitanga (Myrtaceae sp.), articú (*Annona montana*), pineapples, papaya (*Carica papaya*), caraguatá (*Bromelia* sp.), etc. The starchy pith of the pindo palm (*Cocos romanzoffiana*) was formerly an important food item, but today has been supplanted by manioc flour.

Honey and the larvae of bees and especially the larvae of the tambú beetle, which abound in decayed palm and bamboo trunks, are prized delicacies. It is also reported in some sources that the ancient *Caingang* did not despise snakes or lizards.

Hunting.—The *Caingang* spend a large portion of their time hunting alone or in small parties. The dog, treated by some groups as an indispensable auxiliary, is a recent acquisition. Some *Caingang* groups lacked it as late as 1912. To develop the smelling powers of their dogs, the Indians expose them to the smoke of the burnt skin of the game which they are to stalk. They never give them the bones of game animals to gnaw, taking great precaution lest the game be offended.

An entire band participates in a peccary hunt. Old and young, preceded by dogs, endeavor to drive the animals toward hunters, who shoot them with arrows. The *Aweikoma-Caingang* follow droves

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224 of wild pigs for several days, killing all those which come within their reach.

The *Aweikoma-Caingang* concentrate on hunting tapirs, which seem to be abundant in their territory. They track them with dogs or follow the deep "runs" opened by the tapirs in the bush and pursue their prey until it is forced into a stream, where they can kill it with ease. Similarly, they drive deer into streams, where they shoot or club them.

To capture birds, hunters conceal themselves in a shelter built on a tree where the birds roost, and snare them with a noose at the end of a long pole. To catch parrots, they use a tame parrot as a decoy; for pigeons, they put corn out as bait (Horta Barbosa, 1913, p. 31).

The spring-pole traps were constructed like those of the *Caingué* or of the Chaco Indians. They consisted of a flexible sapling and a noose placed near a bait (Horta Barbosa, 1913, p. 30).

224 262 783 **Hunting ritual.**—As a rule a hunter never ate the meat of the game he had slain but gave it to some companion. He could not eat the flesh of a tapir he had killed before he had performed a rite in which he consumed premasticated tapir flesh and the charcoal of the burned tapir's windpipe wrapped in grass (Henry, 1941, p. 86). When the *Aweikoma-Caingang* killed a tapir they stewed "tapir grass" on it and placated its soul with friendly words lest it prevent other tapirs from being caught. Monkeys were also asked to come and share the food of the hunter. *Caingang* of São Paulo considered the jaguar and deer meat taboo (Horta Barbosa, 1913, p. 32); others refrain on some occasions from eating paca, capybara, and armadillo flesh.

226 **Fishing.**—The *Caingang*, although fond of fish, are very poor fishermen. They shoot fish with bows and arrows, impale them with two-pronged spears, or catch them by hand in the falls when shoals of fish ascend the river to spawn. They also capture them by hand in small lagoons formed by floods, which they drain (Horta Barbosa, 1913, pp. 32–33). The *Caingang* of Misiones blocked small streams with V-shaped stone dams. Against the openings they built a platform on which they placed a large mat folded and tied up at one end like a huge bag.

221 **Seasonal rhythm.**—After planting their fields, the *Caingang* of Misiones went fishing along the small tributaries of the Paraná River. Later they moved to the Sierra Central to collect pine nuts, and afterward returned to their fields for the harvest. During their wanderings they hunted and gathered fruits and larvae in the forest.

252 **Food preparation.**—The women do most of the cooking, though men generally prepare the game they kill. The *Caingang* generally roast the unskinned animal in ashes, on a spit, or on a rectangular babracot. The earth oven serves for baking large slices of meat,

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5/2 At last a word or a half-suggested idea decides the plan of the hunt, and they are ready to go. They are on their feet or sitting down with their weapons between their legs, stuffing the last bits of food into their mouths, for they will not eat again until long after sundown unless they are lucky enough to find a beehive. Finally, with a last hurried mouthful and a shout to his hollow-bellied dog, the hunter disappears in the forest.

5/2 224 The early sun slants through the trees. The ground is damp; the undergrowth is wet with dew, and the air is chilly. The Indian is strung to the highest pitch, for he must make of his mind a sensitive instrument responsive to the slightest influence around him: to the trembling of a leaf that may reveal a bird, to the faint marks on the trunks of trees that tell where honey is, or to the confused sounds of animal calls that betray the tapir or the monkey. Most birds are just black spots among the foliage for their lovely plumage is their protective coloring, and to the unpracticed eye they are lost among the leaves. A tiny, wax-covered hole—the entrance to a hive—the faint scratches of the claws of a honey-eating animal or his burrow at the base of a tree, or the pecking of the woodpecker, reveal where there is honey. The hunter must be on the alert for all these things, and he must look carefully underfoot for the tracks of animals for on these more than on anything else his life depends. This complete absorption in forest sounds and signals makes conversation almost impossible, and if the hunter talks at all it is in whispers and only about matters immediately at hand. Even if he has to shout a message to some companion it is in a Kaingáng whisper, a high tone of low intensity that floats through the forest like the most delicate topmost notes of a well-trained tenor.

As he plods uphill and down, uphill and down, almost always on a slope, rarely on level ground, the sun mounts higher, sharpening the shadows, intensifying the green. Suddenly there is a rush of wings as some *urumbi* fly to another perch. The hunter watches their short, low flight until they stop twenty feet away from their previous resting-place. Then he sets down his iron arrows and barbed ones and selects a couple with nothing but wooden knobs on the end. Now he steps forward carefully, parting the thick foliage as he slips through, although he need not be so careful, for the *urumbi* is a stupid bird. Now he stops and lays an arrow across his bow as he prepares to draw. The trees, the bushes, and the vines are thick around him, and a tangle of vines and bushes half hides the birds. With a branch jabbing him in the ribs and another tickling his ear he twists his body awkwardly as he bends his bow, pulling the string with his right hand and pushing the bow away from him with his left. The shoulders and the muscles of the back and chest are called into play when a Kaingáng bends his bow. His whole torso and his two arms suddenly expand like a spring as he draws the string back almost to his ear.

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512 224 When one of those great bows that the Kaingáng also use for clubs is bent, the strain is so great that a man's whole body tends to quake and shiver. The handling of a Kaingáng bow in the thick foliage where the ground is slippery underfoot and a dozen twigs and branches get in the way, where the light is dim and a mass of vines and leaves half obscure the target, calls for perfect coordination and the control of every muscle. The largest game bird, the jacutinga, appears generally as a black spot high up among the trembling leaves, and the branch on which it stands is almost always between the bird and the hunter. As it fills its maw with berries it turns nervously from side to side—it is a fluctuating spot in uncertain and gloomy surroundings. No wonder that our friend misses his *urumîs*, and that the Indians often miss. With a grunt of disgust he goes on, down the hill and across a brook, up the other slope, and then down through a mass of bamboo to a stream. He stands in the water up to his knees, undecided for a moment which way to go. Then he wanders along the stream, stepping with automatic and perfect balance from stone to stone until he finds a place to climb out. His powerful toes hook into the tough damp clay at the water's edge, and he lifts his two hundred pounds by his toes, as self-assured as a ballet dancer, on to the high bank. Now from far up on the side of the hill comes a macaco's whistle, faint and clear, and the hunter beats his way toward it, imitating almost perfectly the monkey's high and [225] penetrating whistle. I never learned to distinguish the macaco's whistle from the Indian's imitation.

As he nears the top of the hill, his breath whistling between his teeth, the monkeys are visible—little black bundles high up in a tree. "The sun is slanting," as he says, for it is growing late, and we have been out all day without a thing to eat. He climbs up past the tree so that he can shoot downhill. The first barbed wooden arrow hisses vainly through the leaves, to land somewhere far off down the hill. A second arrow pierces a monkey and knocks it from its tree. A third and fourth follow the first. The fifth sends the second monkey hurtling, and he falls dead in a tangle of brambles. Five arrows for two monkeys. The heads of the two arrows that found their marks are torn loose from the shaft and will have to be rebound. The three others are lost in the pathless tangle but it is too late to look for them. Next day he returns to search, following his own tracks back through the undergrowth that almost conceals them. The bush is so heavy that he cannot raise his arms or legs until he frees them from the vines that hold them like a net. Round and round he goes, looking about and up in the trees, for perhaps one of his arrows fell among the branches. After each circuit of the area he returns to the tree where the monkeys were and makes note of the trajectories of his arrows, pointing his arm along them. At last he finds [226] two, but where is the third? After almost three hours of constant searching

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he sees it high in another tree, and up he goes to get it, for if he left it there it would weep and weep until, perhaps, its soul would come and kill him.

All through the morning he climbs the hills. Ticks come upon him in clods like brown mud and he scrapes them off with a knife, but the ones he misses deploy over him until he itches all over from their bites. Early in the afternoon he finds a little hive, and the cool sweet honey quenches his thirst and takes the edge off his hunger. Soon he comes on another, but "dangerous" stinging bees live there; and since he will not stop to make a fire drill and build a fire to smoke them out, he must leave it and return tomorrow or send someone after it. Now the sky clouds over, and it begins to rain. He stands shivering under a fern for a while, but hunger drives him out again. As the afternoon drags on his mood grows blacker and blacker as he searches the ground restlessly for a tapir's track. Nothing less than a tapir will satisfy him. But where are they? Didn't Chukembégn see tracks here yesterday when he was hunting jacutingas? But wait! What's this? Certainly a tapir has been nibbling the shoots of this bush, and there is its track. It seems fresh, too, for it is damp, and the soil appears newly scraped by the tapir's hoof. But in the rain all tracks are damp, and he is not sure that the tapir didn't nibble that bush yesterday. As he goes farther along, however, he comes upon the fresh spoor and then on the place where the tapir moved about, eating red berries that had fallen from a tree.

Now there is no doubt that the track is fresh. Tense and serious, he puts down his axe and arrows, of which he selects two with short shafts and heavy iron heads that look like table knives, rounded at the point but sharpened to a razor edge. As he moves along following the tapir's track he mimics its curious shrieking whistle. The trail leads through a bamboo network where rotten twigs lie thick upon the ground and the bamboo grows so high and dense that the light is dim; some of the bamboos have toppled over and dried where they have fallen. Hundreds of them lie criss-cross in every direction so that the hunter has to pick his way, twisting and turning his heavy bow so that it will not clatter and jar. He makes noise—no one could avoid it in such a jungle. But the tapir too is noisy, and there is no mistaking when its big, heavy body comes plunging awkwardly through the brush. At last the hunter draws up on the animal that has stopped to wait for him, deceived by his call; but the forest is so thick that he must get close for a shot, and indeed, the heads of his arrows are so heavy that they cannot travel far with great accuracy. But when it does leap from the bow the arrow drives through the tough hide of the tapir right to its vitals. What supreme pleasure that gives to the Indian! What pride is in that smiling brown face!

572 Back in camp the hunter does not walk around and talk unless he has come back empty-handed, for then he feels he has to say something to ex-

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are that way. When their husbands go away they sleep with others. That is why I want to marry a Brazilian woman."

The conflict between the sharing that is experienced and absolutely exclusive possession, which is simply and unqualifiedly theory, is far more fundamental in Kaingáng society than it is in our own. Adultery in Kaingáng society is not a circumstance of some marriages but a condition of practically all. Yet, although husband and wife live in constant suspicion of each other's loyalty, it rarely becomes desperate. Husbands do not as a rule follow their wives about, nor wives their husbands, although if there are good grounds for suspicion a husband may beat his wife or a wife her husband. He often leaves her for days at a time even when he knows that there are enterprising men still in camp and no one to chaperon her. This attitude really saves the culture from becoming a nightmare. In a society in which everyone believes that everybody else is engaged in seducing his neighbor's wife, suspicion backed by intense jealousy would drive people to desperation. But when Waipó leaves his wife to go across the river to make manioc all she has to say to him in a laughing, "You're going over there where everyone is living in very close quarters," and with a rough caress he is gone. One evening when Chukembégn and I were coming from the manioc mill I said to him, "Now that you've left your wife alone she may sleep with someone else." "I don't care; let her," said he. There is something more than mere bravado in this statement. It expresses the typical determination not to see what is not forced on one.

Since hunting is the most vital occupation, it might be supposed that a good hunter would be the most desirable husband. It might be felt also that since the Kaingáng used to be perpetually at war with the Brazilians, with the Kangjá, and with their vendetta enemies, they would place a high premium on ferocity, daring, bravery, enterprise, and intelligence and that these traits would influence a woman in the choice of a husband. Nevertheless a number of attitudes combined to render all these qualities almost completely inoperative.

Although hunting is the very basis of their economy the Kaingáng, curiously enough, do not recognize differences in hunting skill. If a man returns empty-handed from the hunt he and his wife may share their relatives' food without shame. In all the time I was among the Kaingáng I never heard an unsuccessful hunter spoken of with scorn nor saw one overcome with shame, and although she may scold him roundly, no wife ever leaves her husband for coming home without meat.

Just as they assume that all men are practically equals in hunting skill the Kaingáng assume that all men are brave. Special emphasis is laid on this trait, therefore, only in exceptional cases. This holds also for intelligence, for the Kaingáng have a strong tendency to think of wisdom

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monsters at night have more definite content. This is consonant with the fact that the Kaingáng have devoted much more interest and imagination to the elaboration of the fearful aspects of their supernatural world than to the benign.

With Kenéñn's simple vision of Toad compare the following horrible dream that Vomblé had of the *nggiyáda* before Véye died: "I was the first one to see that the *nggiyáda* ate Véye. I saw the *nggiyáda* come with Véye. I saw that they were going to kill him, and I said to them, 'Why do you want to kill Véye?' But they said nothing. Then they said, 'He is a pig.' 'It is Véye [said Vomblé]; I used to go around with him.' They took hoes and led Véye off. I said, 'Leave him alone.' But they killed Véye with hoes. 'Why did you kill him?' 'It is a pig.' 'It is a human being, and it is taboo for you to eat it.' They seized his feet and tore him apart. I protected him. I thought I was dreaming. They put salt on him and ate him. When they ate him, it was taboo. I almost vomited. 'Come and eat [they said], it is like tapir's marrow.' But it was capavary.[13] Then I vomited and sat up. I ate dirt and almost vomited. Next day I told Véye, 'They roasted your ribs with salt,' but Véye said I was lying. Three days later he died."

Horror and the impulses to murder and cannibalism which the Kaingáng constantly and compulsively express are much more congenial to their imagination than the warm relationships with beneficent spirits of the natural world. It is true that guardian spirits are often mentioned in Kaingáng folklore, but most frequently simply as incidents in a murder tale. Stories whose central theme is a relationship with a guardian spirit are extremely rare. Being "shown" a spirit was as simple an experience as seeing it oneself. One day while an Indian was out with someone who had been seeing a spirit, the shaman would say to him casually, "Go over there and shoot those howler monkeys," and always after that the Indian would see supernatural Howler Monkey and find howler monkeys very easily. Such an experience might be accompanied by darkness and wind, but generally it was not.

"Yokégn was a shaman. He saw Fish and Wasp. He went hunting, and when he came back, he said to his wife: 'Let us go to the fish I saw. I'm going to get some for them [the children].' So his wife emptied a basket and carried it along with her. When they reached the spot, the water was shallow and there were some [fish] in it. Then he said to her, 'Come over here and have a look.' When she approached, she saw its men[14] in there. She stood there looking, and at last, he [her husband] asked, 'Did you see?' 'Yes,' she replied. 'Let us go now to the other fish that one eats all the time. They are good. Catch some of them.' So she took her basket and entered [the stream]. The shallow water came toward her in waves. She put her

[13] An amphibious rodent (*Hydrochoerus capybara*) two feet long and twenty inches high.
[14] Fish in anthropomorphic form.

basket in the water for the fish, and they came along and plumped into it. He showed her so that he and she might both see it all the time." The essential features of this very mild incident are the simple nature of the instruction and the division of the fish species into supernatural untouchables and natural touchables. This was characteristic of every animal category—some of it was recognizable by the shaman as supernatural, and the rest was natural and might be killed and eaten. When we remember that the spirit a person sees constantly is his close friend and companion, we can readily understand this cautious examination of the scene by the shaman and his painstaking selection of the animals to be killed and those to be left alone. Some of them are children of his friend, and the rest are simply animals which the spirit gives to him for food.

Spirits control their species and keep them in inclosures from which they let them out from time to time. When they are angered, either because too many have been killed or because some have not been killed, they close them up again and animals become scarce. Failure to bring down an animal is an unfortunate occurrence which annoys the spirit, but refusal to take a tapir or deer or any other animal which the *nggiyádn* offers is tantamount to refusing food from a human benefactor and can have but one outcome, death. Whoever turns away from quarry pointed out by a spirit is bound to fall ill and die.

The more we examine the ways in which the Kaingáng maintained the bonds that united them with supernatural benefactors, the more we discover that they duplicated in any number of details the complex of relationships and feelings through which security was maintained in their own society. One more point may be added. Over and over again, malevolent supernaturals are referred to by the sinister term of "different thing," but guardian spirits were never called by this term; for "different things" are dangerous things, and guardian spirits were friendly and helpful.

Like most primitive peoples, the Kaingáng obtain from spirits some powers to cure disease, but this side of Kaingáng supernaturalism was very slightly developed. In many cultures in which religious values rate high, the powers to cure and kill supernaturally bring great rewards. But the Kaingáng never killed supernaturally; the most they did in this direction was to throw people into a deep sleep so that they could murder them with lance or club. They did cure through the agency of the supernatural, but the shaman received no pay for his efforts, and his practice was generally limited to his own immediate family. The ministerings of the shaman were viewed as attentions naturally received from a close relative. No shaman ever extended the benefits of his practice outside his own extended family. Kaingáng culture did not define achievement in supernatural terms—shamanistic powers of any kind were not even something to boast about or to plume oneself on. The most that a very powerful shaman got from his

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[illegible]-oo, when a new-born child's ceremonial mother and father place its umbilical cord and placenta in the water, they wrap them in tapir's raw food. Throughout life's crises, wherever the threat of death is great or where the greatest stakes lie, tapir's raw food appears as a symbol to help the Kaingáng over difficult transitions.

When we review the techniques which the Kaingáng employ to cure their sick, one in particular seems in perfect harmony with what we know of the Kaingáng personality and world-view—that is the laying on of hands which accompanies every curing, no matter what additional therapeusis is utilized. This is at once a way of reassuring the sick by reawakening in them deep-rooted intuitions of security and a device for bringing the "physician" into rapport with his patient. Even herb infusions are not so constantly resorted to as the laying on of hands. The ceremony used by Thalú to cure her son is of a type well known throughout the primitive world and particularly in the Americas. The most remarkable thing about it, however, is that there should be only one such story from the Kaingáng and that it is so well known and so outstanding that it is told almost like a folktale. There has been nothing like it for a hundred years. *Théyé* extractions also have been disappearing, for the last that the Kaingáng remember occurred fifty years ago. The disappearance of curings by singing and by extraction of *théyé* are examples of the gradual simplification of the culture, which has been going on for centuries and of which we have abundant evidence from social organization and folklore.

The techniques of biting, spitting, blowing, and singing were obtained from the *nggiyúdn*, but the laying on of hands anyone could practice. The application of warm infusions and warm hands has nothing to do with the supernatural, except in so far as everything in the Kaingáng world is supposed to have come from the supernatural. The history of Kaingáng society has been one of long-continued disruption and of gradual reduction in the circle of security. Thus, as the human world grew more and more hostile, the supernatural, which was already alive with monsters and charged with death, began to lose the modicum of beneficence that it had had and the Kaingáng came to rely more on things they received directly from those they had known since childhood. It is significant in this connection that the last *théyé* extraction was done just about the time of the last extermination of an extended family. The Kaingáng have not become sceptical of the supernatural, but have come to rely little on its goodness.

Hunting Practices[34]

Since the Kaingáng have placed their faith largely in the efficacy of personal contact with the supernatural and the element of rapport is rarely

[34] All that is said here regarding tapir applies equally to deer.

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missing in their dealings with it, the personal speech to the animal's *kuplêng* is almost always a feature of hunting rites, whatever other acts may be included in them. When a tapir has been killed and eaten, its windpipe (called "the tapir's heart-tube") is wrapped in vine and tapir's raw food; and before it is burnt, a short speech is addressed to the tapir's *kuplêng* in order that succeeding tapirs may stand still and allow themselves to be shot: "Look at your fine heart-bundle. I want to do the same to you—so stand looking at me!" The Kaingáng feel that when they are addressing one dead animal, they are addressing the species; for the *kuplêng* of the tapir will influence its brethren if it has been properly treated. The whole effort of the Kaingáng is directed toward pleasing the wild animals so that they will come and be killed. This technique parallels, on the one hand, that by which dead babies are induced to return to their mothers' wombs and, on the other, the treachery through which vendetta enemies are lured to their death.

There is a striking parallelism between the way in which dead children are caused to return to their parents and the way in which tapirs are prevailed on to come to the hunters. When a tapir is killed, it is set up crouching on its legs, and tapir's raw food is pounded and squeezed over its body and head, while the hunter says to it: "Look here at the nice remedy I am giving you. When I see you, stand looking at me and when I go *hii* [i.e. utter the tapir's cry] for you, listen and repeat it." When a child under twelve dies, it is placed in a grave in a sitting position (knees tucked up under chin, like a tapir's forepaws), and the very leaves and vines that are used for the tapir's "heart-tube bundle" are placed around it and an infusion of them rubbed over the child's body. "The *kuplêng* likes this and will come to the mother." In tempting the child's *kuplêng*, an offer of food is made much the same as to the temporarily wandering soul of an adult and to the *kuplêng* of dead howler monkeys. When a howler monkey has been killed, the hunter picks it up by the scruff of the neck and says in a conversational tone, directly into its face: "When the things I have planted, ripen, come and eat them. When the fruit is ripe on the trees, tell it to the howler monkeys and to the jacutingas and come with them to eat it. The fruit of the tree is good, and when you come I'll eat with you. Feel the warmth of my fire and defend me—defend me and my children." "I said this," Klendó told me, "so that it would protect me from the *aggiyádu*. When it becomes warm in my fire, it will like it and protect me." The offer of food and the promise of sharing it are amicable demonstrations similar to those which lured the ill-fated Patklé and his family to their doom.

Dogs are treated in an animistic fashion to ensure success in hunting. An infusion is made of the plants that are used for the tapir's heart-tube bundle, and this is rubbed on the dog's legs and poured into its mouth. "I

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have treated you for the tapir," they say to the dog. "When you see one, pursue it until, when you have exhausted it, you bring it to bay. I'll follow your trail all over, and when I see that you have brought it to bay, I'll kill it." The poor dog is not offered part of the kill as a lure, for the Kaingáng rarely think of feeding dogs at all, certainly not with a piece of the precious tapir. All other animals are induced to yield to the Kaingáng through pleasant treatment or through the offer of food, but not dogs. The Kaingáng feel that dogs should run long distances through scratching, slashing, buffeting jungle day after day without reward.

Even in making an arrow "sick" the Kaingáng are animistic. Sometimes an iron arrow head is placed in the tapir's heart-tube bundle with the words: "My arrow, be sick. I am treating you so that you will be sick." An arrow thus treated will kill even though the wound be superficial. The technique of making something sick does not extend beyond this—the Kaingáng have never developed techniques of sorcery. They feel that arrows have *kupléng*: not only do arrows weep and die if they are deserted or thrown away in the forest, but arrows can see when a man is threatened with death, and they will fall from their places in the house above him at night to warn him of his danger. "The arrows are with one all the time and can see what is going to happen."

One bit of hunting ritual has no reference to hunting efficiency. That is the ritualistic little meal the grown hunter eats with his closest relatives when he has at last reached the point where without fear of death from supernatural causes he may eat the tapir he has killed. Up to this point the *kélé* the fledgling male, must never eat of the tapir he has brought down himself, although he may share the kill of other men. When he becomes mature, "grown for a long time"—an extremely variable age—he eats a ritualistic dish of tapir meat, which someone who loves him has first thoroughly masticated and mixed with the charcoal of the tapir's heart-bundle. The preparation of this dish is essentially a service of love of one close blood relative to another. It comes at the time when the grown man is most likely to separate himself from the group with which he has spent years, and it marks the point at which he is no longer dependent on it for his food but may now launch out for himself. Previously, not being able to eat the meat of the tapir he had killed, he was dependent on others; no matter how great his prowess, he had to remain in the group or run the risk of starvation. This attitude is directed to the tapir alone; it does not apply even to the deer which is the next largest food animal. Other animals, particularly birds, are eaten in this ritualistic manner, but such meals come at any time at all and are repeated frequently throughout life. They are essentially techniques of imitative magic which are meant to increase the

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hunter's skill. A branch from a very thorny bush is burnt and the charcoal mixed with the meat of the animal and eaten "so the hunter's arrows will cut and tear like the thorn."

The bee, since it is a thing that lives and moves, is included in the animistic conceptualization of the world. When the Kaingáng chop out a hive, they say: "Bee, produce! I chopped you out to make beer of you! Yukúi's wife died, and I am making beer of you so that I can cut his hair." Or if they find that the larvae have eaten all the honey, they take the larvae and cry: "Bee, produce! It is I! I am alive! You ate up your honey and that is why you did not produce." And they throw a stick into the hive. After they have taken the honey they rub the sugar over the outside of the tree to show how high up the new hive should extend, and as they do so they exclaim, "Bee, make your honey go up along this way and leave off here" (at the limit of the sugar). The Yukúi mentioned in the formula is an imaginary person whom they use as an excuse for taking the honey. The implication is that since the post-mourning ceremony is extremely important, Bee certainly would not begrudge honey taken under pressure of such a necessity. When a Kaingáng cries, "It is I," he implies that the bee knows him, for such a statement can be intelligible only when the speaker is known.

Behind the requests, commands, and adjurations of the hunting and honey-seeking formulae of the Kaingáng lies not a faith in the magical power of words, but a deep conviction that people will do whatever they are asked and that any reason is sufficient in this society where reasons are unimportant and needs are everything. Whoever asks the Kaingáng to work for him must understand that they are motivated not only by hope of gain but particularly by their fear of refusing. Whoever stands his ground and asserts his rights can move mountains.[28]

Divining

There is scarcely a phenomenon in nature which has not at some time an immediate bearing on the small and insecure cosmos of the Kaingáng. But the feeling that things outside of a man's own body have direct reference to it is reduceable to a conception that most such things have a *destructive* reference. On the human level, the Kaingáng partially overcome this threat by extending their bodies through physical and emotional diffusion—the symbol of security is *ka tfãt wyá*, to live in someone else. But everything outside of this social personality, that is to say, members of other extended families, is destructive. In the realm of the supernatural the

[28] This compulsive obedience is at the bottom of the food victims' attendance at feasts which they know are held solely to entrap them.

maintained by yielding to the aggressor, by grumbling under one's breath, and, at last, by going away—that is the end of all tension.

When a hunter kills an animal he rarely keeps it—even though he has no meat himself, he gives it away to a member of the band. He knows, of course, that he will get a piece of it, but if it is a bird and the recipient's family is large, it may be a very little piece. Under such a system of distribution it would be impossible for anyone to hoard meat even if the Kaingáng knew how to preserve it. It is also of little importance who the best hunter is, for all live by his prowess—his kills are the property of all. Not he, but the man to whom he gives his kill, receives the lion's share—the head of the tapir with its succulent neck. Whoever cuts the tapir takes as large a piece as he wishes, and no one murmurs—within his hearing.

One day, when I understood, at last, that the Kaingáng felt this way about butchering, I saw Vomblé, who had received a delicious young tapir from his brother-in-law, carry off half of it. I was somewhat puzzled because, since I was keeping a minute check on the distribution of pieces of the kill, I thought that Vomblé might divide it somewhere else and I might miss some information. As he stalked off down the river with the head and front legs of the animal on his shoulder, I asked him, "Who's going to get that?" "This is mine," said Vomblé. "All of it?" I asked in amazement. "Well," said he, slightly embarrassed, "I may give some to someone else." He did give a leg to his sister-in-law, but that was all.

Once the butcher has taken the head and whatever other choice morsels he may select, he will cut out large pieces for his in-laws, his brothers and sisters, and his hunting companions—and give the rest to whoever asks for it. Or he may simply let the women carry it back to camp, where it will be divided by someone else. Sometimes the butcher is influenced by the amount of meat he knows to be in the hands of other people. If they have plenty he may give them none at all even though they are close relatives.

Sometimes meat is even appropriated by people who had no hand in its killing, but it is impossible to call this thieving, for thieving can occur only where there are clearly conceived ideas of property rights which are buttressed by strongly felt sanctions. But in Kaingáng culture the whole concept of property is most closely tied up with this desire to keep peace among relatives. One day Waipó and I shot a tapir, but since it was growing late we took only a little of the meat in the expectation of getting the rest the following day; but when we arrived at the scene of the kill the following morning we found that other people had come from an encampment near us and had already got the meat cut up. They had taken it into their heads to divide the animal among themselves, and no one opposed them. Of course, they had not bothered about me any more than they had bothered about anyone else in my camp. I suggested that I should like to have a leg,

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and when I pointed to one the woman to whom it had been apportioned abandoned it without a murmur. If it had been Ndîli he might never have done so. When I got back to camp Chukembégn growled over what had happened to the meat: "We did all the work and they took the meat. The women are always that way. Kundîdn probably took the penis and testicles —those who have no husbands always do that. Tomorrow we'll kill some animals just for ourselves." This was the last I heard of that tapir. There is really no great reason why the Kaingáng should quarrel over meat. Whoever gets none today will surely get some tomorrow, and in times of hunger the meat is divided among the whole group. Of course at these times the same emphasis prevails; close relatives are always thought of first, and the others get what is left over or nothing at all. When they are hungry, close relatives simply come and sit down where there is food, and he who has a quarter of tapir today may have none tomorrow, for his relatives may have eaten it all.

Students of primitive law frequently ask, "What happens if two men chase the same animal or if one man wounds it and another kills it?" Under certain conditions these are situations of potential conflict. For Kaingáng society the answer is that it depends on who the men are and even more on the native conception of the individual's role. Answers to questions of this kind can be given only in terms of the totality of native feeling and hunting technique. In Kaingáng society the individual is physically[1] part of a much larger group; he is trained to the suppression of counter-assertiveness, and his desire is to maintain peace almost at any price. He almost always hunts with a group of close kin, and the animal he kills is rarely his. If it is a tapir it is never his unless he lives alone. Thus, the interest in who killed the animal could be expressed only in terms of evaluation of the hunter. But skill in hunting is not stressed by the Kaingáng and plays no role in their judgments of individuals.

The basic tapir-hunting technique of the Kaingáng is stalking. One man tracks the animal without dogs and utters its cry until the deceived animal stops long enough to be shot. Under such conditions in the Brazilian jungle it is rare for two hunters to cross each other's trails during the day because they plan their hunts in different directions. I was able to find only one story of a dispute that arose over the crossed trails of two hunters. Characteristically enough, it goes back about a hundred and fifty years. One day Kongglúin wounded a tapir but lost its trail. Natkaé found it, however, and pursued the tapir until it fell into a stream, where he shot it again and killed it. When Kongglúin noticed his mistake he retraced his steps, and finding the tapir's track again, he followed it to where Natkaé had finally

[1] The strong sense of being one flesh and blood that the members of each extended family have justifies the use of this term. See Chapter IV, pp. 44-45.

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killed the animal. "Come here," said Natkaé, "and cut it up." "Then Konggblin said, 'As I came along after the tapir your trail crossed its track.' 'No, it didn't. I shot it over that way and pursued it. Probably the one you shot crossed this one's trail and went on.' Konggblin's arrow was inside the tapir, and he was about to take out the guts, but Natkaé anticipated him, and feeling the arrow, he swept all the internal organs into the water. But Konggblin was watching and said, 'What was it that fell into the water?' He came and pushed aside the insides and saw the arrow. As he took it he said: 'Look here! Here is my arrowhead!' To which Natkaé replied: 'Where then is the one [animal] I shot? Make a trail that way. I'm going to look for the one I shot.' He lied, saying that the one he had shot had gone in a different direction and that he had erred and followed the one Konggblin had shot. As Natkaé went away he said, 'It escaped!' He broke his arrow and rubbed tapir dung and the blood from his own scratches on it. When Konggblin arrived in camp he said, 'Did you see the trail of the one you shot?' 'Yes. I pursued it but it escaped.' 'Well, what happened?' 'I followed it and it went downstream and my arrow fell out. Here is the arrow I shot it with.' He had rubbed the arrow with the dung a tapir leaves in its trail. Next day Natkaé went out again. The others had gone to the tapir shot by Konggblin. They heard Natkaé shouting [in the distance], but he was lying. He reached them, carrying a broken arrow. 'I shot another tapir,' but he had rubbed his blood over it. That is the way he lied."

As an exposition of the point that to whoever shoots the animal first goes the *credit* for having killed it this little story is excellent, but it stands alone. Natkaé's interest in the tapir was not in the possession of it, for he had already given it to Konggblin before his deceit was discovered. What Natkaé wished was to be acknowledged the killer. His shame arose not out of his not having been the true killer but out of the discovery of his deceit.

The distribution of tapir may stand as a pattern for the distribution of all game. In the pig-surround[2] no hunter eats the animal he has killed, for he must distribute his catch to other people. Even if he has killed only one pig he gives it away and gets back another one exactly like it. Once an individual has received a piece of meat it is his with all the rights of possession we associate with *mine* and *thine*. No one but his spouse and relatives by marriage may take it without his permission, and he may do with it what he pleases. The meat a person has is his but his relatives may take it whenever they wish; other relatives must be fed when they are hungry; he must give to anyone who asks him, and he must always have regard to the demands of hospitality and courtesy. While his meat is roasting slowly over the coals anyone may nibble at it who wants to; whoever feels hungry

[2] See Appendix I.

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in the middle of the night and finds himself without food may, if he is brazen enough, get up, and while the owner is asleep, eat the leg of his howler monkey or the rib of his tapir. He must keep his tongue between his teeth, for to refuse food is the most frightful sin the Kaingáng can imagine. *Ndégu*, to refuse, has such an aura of destructive affect about it that every time I heard it it chilled my blood. To hear *ndégu* applied to food is to expect murder around the corner. In times of plenty it does not matter how much meat a man has; in times of hunger food passes through his fingers like water. Still, with all this each of the Kaingáng likes to take the biggest piece even when game is scarce. For one or two days the bellies of his children will be full, but soon the meat is all gone.

This possessive feeling about food applies with somewhat greater intensity to pine nuts. These are often gathered by a man and his wife. He climbs the tree and jumps around on the boughs until he dislodges the great five-pound cones; and then he descends and helps his wife gather them up and break them open to extract the nuts. They fill their yard-deep baskets, and what they cannot use immediately they bury in stream beds to preserve them. The theft of a full unburied basket is rare—I know of only one case—but the theft of nuts from the preservation beds is quite common. The nonchalance of the Kaingáng about these thefts is perplexing to the ethnologist steeped in the traditions of western culture and trained to expect conflicts after theft. Nevertheless I never knew the theft of a basket of nuts to create more than a one-day grumble. Indians would protest to me about property people had stolen, and they would tell me in no uncertain language what they thought of such people, but they never did anything about it. It is not possible to formulate precisely the movements of food in Kaingáng society. When one has said that the primary emphasis is on giving to affinal relatives, to parents and siblings, to hunting companions, and to the friends whom one has inherited from one's father, everything has been said that can be about the structuralization of food distribution.

Kaingáng property arrangements are not a matter of checks and balances which ensure that for every piece of meat which A gives to B he may expect a piece in return. It is impossible to make them understand any theory of exchange other than that of outright purchase which they have learnt from the whites. I tried in vain to make them understand that when I lent them a scythe to clear their fields they should give me a little corn when it became green. Their understanding of reciprocity is in terms of lifelong symbiosis, not [illegible] terms of balanced exchanges. No accounts are kept, but in the back of his mind each man knows who has been systematically helpful to him and who not. Many of the conflicts within the extended families arise out of some failure to live up to the ideal of constant

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Appendix I

Material Culture

Hunting

STALKING, THE BASIC KAINGÁNG TECHNIQUE for tapir hunting, was described in Chapter II. I have called this the basic technique because all other techniques of tapir hunting are built on it. The core of the stalking technique is *following* the animal, and the Kaingáng do this whether they hunt with or without dogs. When they hunt the tapir with dogs one of two possibilities is open: either they can pursue the tapir by following the bark of the dog, or they can lie in wait for it beside one of its well-known runs and kill it as the dogs drive it. Now these two different kinds of hunting involve entirely different intellectual orientations. When the hunter follows the bark of his dog he acts directly; he swings into motion the moment his dog disappears into the brush with a yelp, and he follows persistently until he overtakes the dog where it has brought the tapir to bay or until it becomes too dark, in which case he tries to pick up the trail again the following day and continue the pursuit. But the technique of waiting is entirely different and so much at variance with the habits of the Kaingáng that they have never been able to carry it actually into effect.

Tapir run for generations in the same trails, *carreiros*, until they sometimes wear them down a yard in depth. Since, when a tapir is pursued it invariably seeks one of these *carreiros*, it is clear that anyone who knows the different *carreiros* in his neighborhood is well equipped for hunting. In the summer the hunted tapir frequently takes a *carreiro* that leads to a stream, especially if the land is cut by many waterways and it is the habit of the white settlers to study the *carreiros* in the region carefully so that when they go hunting they can station men at all the spots where the *carreiros* debouche into the winding streams and can shoot the tapir when the dogs chase it into the water. This mode of hunting can, of course, be

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employed on land also; but there it is much more difficult, because as the tapir comes charging along it is extremely hard to get a good shot. In the water, however, with the dogs snapping at it, its movements are very much hampered and it becomes an easy target. Hunting the tapir in this way calls for careful planning, long residence in one region, and the cooperation of a number of men. From the Kaingáng point of view it means changing the unplanned, solitary stalking technique to one of planned cooperation. How have they met this situation? Perhaps a description of my personal experiences will suggest an answer to the question.

Early in the morning we lead the dogs out, and as we move slowly along we search the damp earth underfoot for tapir tracks, pushing the brush aside where it obscures the ground, talking in whispers, stopping every half minute to disentangle the dogs from the brush or from a fallen log where the bark or bamboo leashes have become tangled. We have a definite objective: we are going to find a tapir track, and we must hold the dogs in leash until we have found it. We do not let the dogs scamper aimlessly about where they may bark at any little bird that flashes above them and so frighten all the game within a quarter of a mile or where they may dash off wildly after some lesser animal like a *tatetí* or a deer.

At last the track is found, and the hunters begin to follow it methodically. They do not let the dogs go at once, for the tapir may have doubled several times in its rambling search for food, and it would be wasteful to let the dogs run over that unnecessary distance.[1] Perhaps the trail will show that the tapir has taken a route that would lead far off across a flat area where it might run and run indefinitely and never fall into a stream where it could be killed easily. The hunter who knows the land well seeks to control all these factors. At last when the hunters have become satisfied that it is well to let the dogs loose, they say to me, "Julio, you stay here. Here is a *carreiro*, and if the tapir comes along you shoot it." Perhaps one of their number stays there with me also. Then the hunters go off, still leading the dogs, and disappear. After a while we hear the sudden excited barks of the dogs. When my companion hears them, his eyes flash, his body grows tense, and with a "Julio, you wait here; we'll come back for you," he is gone. All through the warm afternoon I sit beside the trail. The bark of the dogs has long since died in the distance. Somewhere beyond those ridges and trees that lie around me piled skyward one upon the other, brown figures are moving through the jungle, tense with excitement,

[1] Since, from the point of view of the dog, the track of an animal extends indefinitely in both directions—the direction from which it came as well as the direction in which it is going—it might be asked how the dog knows which way to go. The answer is that as it follows the track the scent grows stronger the closer it gets to its prey and vice versa.

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listening with straining ears for the bark of the dogs which now seems lost, now appears close, now disappears in the distance as the driven tapir turns again in its path. Meanwhile I doze and slap mosquitoes. Never a sound but the calls of birds and the drone of insects.

At last as the sun begins to redden and slope steeply toward the west I hear the sound of breathless singing coming down the side of the hill before me. There in front is Kanggrãin. From the distance I see that he is covered with blood and that something hangs from his back. Behind him, their faces beaming, their bodies blood-stained come the others. "Did you shoot a tapir?" I ask. "Yes. It was shot." "In the *curreiru*?" "No. We followed the dogs and shot it." Now what has happened to all the elaborate planning? People are stationed in the *curreiru* but the tapir is not killed in any *curreiru*. When this happens several times I decide on different tactics. Why keep my Winchester oiled and up to the minute? Why this endless fight against rust? Why lug two hundred rounds of ammunition along if all I am to do is sit sleepily beside the trail while others kill the tapir and I cannot even see what happens—who gives the tapir to whom and how they cut it up and divide it. Next time I insist on going along with the dogs and following the tapir.

When I make my revolutionary announcement the Indians are intrigued and somewhat disturbed. "Who will guard the *curreiru*," they ask, "if you follow the dogs?" "Somebody else," say I vaguely. "Well, then, give your revolver to Drunken."[3] Next morning we find a track almost immediately. In fact there seem to be two tracks. So Véye leads off the dogs along one track and Waipó and I go in the direction of the other, not knowing what will happen when the dogs are loosed. We descend a short slope, leap a tiny stream, and begin to wander along the other side. Suddenly a sharp yelp! Then short staccato barks splinter the forest quiet. "This way, this way, Julio!" Waipó calls in a hoarse whisper. We wheel about, leap the stream again, fight upward along the opposite bank, bend to the left, to the left. The high yelps of the dogs are almost in our ears. The tapir is not running! They have brought it to bay almost immediately. As we rush along through the thickets Waipó says, "Julio, Julio, a tiger, a tiger!" I shove a cartridge into the rifle chamber and keep going. "Certainly my Winchester is a match for any tiger," I think. "Do tigers eat .44 calibre bullets?" I ask myself excitedly. But we have come out on the edge of a little gully, and there, in a little place where it cannot turn around the gray bulk of the tapir struggles with the two little dogs that nip wildly at

[3] Nãñkenu, Drunken—So called because once when he wanted to sleep with Nandjá the young man hung around her door all night long so that he was ashamed to go in and next day was so fatigued from his vigil that he was like one drunk.

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234its thick hide. Waipó and I shoot, and the tapir is dead. The tiger was a joke to frighten the timorous.

So! The very first day that I decide not to watch the *corvéia* but to follow the chase I kill a tapir. What does it mean? It means that the Indians have not learnt to wait. On my first hunting trip with the Indians we killed eight tapirs, and not one of them was killed in a *corvéia*. How could they be? As soon as the Indians hear the bark of the dog they are off in pursuit. All the tapirs are killed by pursuers, not by watchers. Day after day the Indians start with the same plan in mind, and day after day as soon as the dogs bark they abandon it. Thus the waiting technique regresses to the level of stalking,[3] i.e. to the pursuit of the quarry. In stalking, the hunter works in isolation, unaccompanied by man or dog. But in Kaingáng society, hunting with dogs is bound to be another matter if there is more than one man in the same hunting band, as there usually is. For if Kanyahé goes west, Chuvái east, and Waipó and Pedumbó in other directions, the moment they hear the dog bark they will start in pursuit. With the dog behind him the tapir may run far, and the farther he runs the more likely he is to meet with Kanyahé who went west or Waipó who went north. Thus, as soon as dogs are introduced the individual undertaking of the hunter becomes cooperative. What lies at the base of this cooperation is, in turn, the fundamentally non-individualistic orientation toward food. The tapir is eventually divided among close relatives anyway, and it makes little difference who kills it or whose dog brings it to bay.[4]

The small Brazilian deer is the animal next in size to the tapir. Nowadays deer are easily killed by turning dogs loose on their trail and waiting for the deer to fall into the river, where they are easily shot or clubbed.

[3] Leading dogs out on a leash is a thing the Indians do very unwillingly. They prefer to let the dog rumble about at will in the forest until it picks up a trail by itself and gives chase or, until the Indians having found a trail they call the dog and set it in pursuit. The only time they use the leash is to accustom to employ the waiting technique. Now since the waiting technique and leading the dogs on leash are both white methods *par excellence* and since the waiting technique is practically impossible for the Indians to follow out, it seems likely that the Indians learnt the entire procedure from the whites.

I believe that it is also significant in this connection that the magic formula to make the dog efficient makes no reference to the dog's driving the tapir along the *corvéia* but only to the pursuit and the bringing to bay. See p. 85.

The Indians themselves say that they obtained their first dogs from the Brazilian settlers about two hundred years ago. It is striking how much the dog is treated like an outsider. See pp. 31 fn. and 86. There is no dog guardian spirit.

[4] Nowadays the powers of division of the kill along relationship lines has been somewhat altered owing to certain practical considerations. Hunting parties may be organized on the basis of who has a canoe, who has dogs, and who has ammunition to lend. In this case the booty is divided in line with the contributions made to the organization of the party.

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229 I have never seen a deer killed except in this way. It is child's play and was obviously learnt from the whites.[6] In the old days they were killed only by stalking or through a sudden encounter in the forest. They are rarely mentioned in folklore. After deer the pig-like *tateti* is the next largest game animal. I never heard of its being stalked, and the *tateti* that were taken during my stay among the Kaingáng were all killed cooperatively. Dogs drove them into their burrows, and a number of men combined to get them out. One day my dogs drove a *tateti* into a burrow on the side of a hill; while one man shoved into the burrow a bundle of flaming bamboo on the end of a long pole the others stood around with loaded guns, and when the beast emerged it was shot. Sometimes men wait above the entrance to the burrow and club the *tateti* when it emerges.

Peccary hunting I know only by hearsay. Although a couple of troops of peccary (called "pig of the forest" by the settlers) passed by while I was among the Kaingáng I took no part in their pursuit. The Indians, however, tell me that they surround and shoot them or stab them with knives on the ends of poles. Sometimes, however, they are pursued by one man alone. They are very dangerous animals when brought to bay, and it is well to keep one's distance. Formerly peccary were an important item of Kaingáng diet, but nowadays they have grown scarce in the vicinity of Duque de Caxias and are not found even far up the river. "*Ngpiyúdn* has become angry with us," the Indians say, "and has closed up the pigs in his corral."

229 The Kaingáng have no bird snares, and all birds are shot individually with the bow and arrow where they are encountered.

Subsistence Figures

242 The following discussion is based on the data which I collected during 1936a five weeks' hunting trip into the forests with the Indians. During that time it was possible for me to keep a *fairly* accurate check on the distribution of meat because the population was concentrated in one spot, and the entire organization of the camp was directed toward getting meat for everyone. Conditions at the post, however, are quite different. There the 241 population is scattered along a half-mile trail and on both sides of the river, and it is therefore impossible to keep a day-to-day check even were such a check valuable—which I doubt, for in the region of the post game is ex-

[6] Waiting in a canoe for animals to fall into the river seems hardly removed from waiting at the termination of or along a *corredor*—a further suggestion that the entire technique was taken over from the settlers. The agent used to tell me: "When I first came into this region all you had to do was turn your dogs loose in the forest, and the animals would come tumbling into your canoe."

other activities. At such times the speed, skill and sureness of each motion, upon which the Indian's life so often depends, come fully to the fore.

The same is true of the women: in spite of their short stature, they are endowed with unusual physical endurance. [119]

In the course of their wanderings through the forest, they carry for several weeks at a time enormous baskets filled with heavy loads, with a child nearly always sitting on the top. In addition to all this, they bear in their hands heavy objects such as axes, iron pans, etc. They are, so to speak, the true bearers of the tribe; the warriors carry loads only when away from the women.

Their skin is of a dark tan color, lighter among the women. Their hair is black, coarse and sleek.

Dental caries are widespread among them; as children their teeth are already defective. They pull out a tooth as soon as it hurts, and this leaves them almost toothless quite early in life. It is a curious fact that the warriors demand their wives (who are younger, and thus have better teeth) to masticate all their food; this leaves them only the effort of swallowing, which they do while lying comfortably by the fire.

There are no diseases peculiar to the Botocudo Indians. They have, however, been widely attacked by the deadly influenza and its complications, such as bronchitis, pneumonia, etc. They also suffer from rheumatism of the joints and muscles.

The great ease with which their wounds are healed, even when extremely serious, is eminently worthy of note.

Venereal diseases of any sort are altogether unknown among them.

Their high fecundity insures the perpetuation of the tribe.

This tribe subsists primarily on the proceeds of the hunt and is therefore nomadic, ever on the move through the woods in search of game. The tapir is preferred on account of the quantity and flavor of its flesh. It is hunted in the following way. The Indians look for a fresh spoor, set their dogs loose, and follow them on the run until the tapir is roused. Then they determine the direction taken by the animal, which always follows its habitual trails, known to the hunters; they take a shortcut through the woods and wait. Spurred on madly by the dogs, the tapir runs toward them and is attacked and killed with the spears.

224 The sureness of the first throw, which never misses its mark, is a wonderful thing to behold. The animal is killed instantly and its flesh prepared.

Formerly, and even today, if no dogs were available, the Indians would look for a spoor and follow it cautiously, with unequaled skill, until they came silently upon the tapir in its lair and killed it with their arrows.

They call this animal oyêiema or nãi-mbang.

They follow the same procedure when hunting deer, cambêma, which they surround or take by surprise. This is not an easy task, for it is well known that the deer is the fleetest and most alert game to be found in our forests.

Another important game animal is the wild pig, ãgma. The Indians value its flesh greatly, and are particularly enthusiastic about the fact that it can always be killed in such large numbers. Whenever they chance upon the spoor of wild pigs, they follow it carefully until they find and attack the animals. If the herd is large, the Indians often follow it for weeks on end, taking along their wives, children, and all their belongings. They attack the pigs whenever they can, and always kill as many as possible. [120]

Actually, nothing escapes their sure and deadly arrows and their excellent digestion. From the ferocious jaguar, mẽngma', to the graceful and dainty uru partridge, [Odontophorus genus--Translator] pupuẽma, nothing is spared.

225 They have a special liking for the flesh of monkeys, coahãema, and howlers, gãma. They believe that the meat of these animals is endowed with exceptional qualities, possibly on account of the legend related below.

55 The warriors keep count with great pride of the jaguars they kill, for this adds considerably to their standing in the tribe. Bravery demands that a jaguar be attacked when cornered upon the ground; this is the most dangerous situation for the hunter, who kills the animal with arrows or spear, depending on its position. Then the courageous hunter eats the heart of his victim, and shares the rest of its flesh with those who are present.

252 To roast meat they dig a large pit in the ground and line it with river stones, on which a fire is kept burning until the stones become red-hot. At this point the remnants of the fire are removed

262 They acquired the habit of eating chrysalids and larvae of all kinds, especially the maggot found in rotting wood [cont] which they eat raw as well as roasted, or cooked on the fire inside a bamboo sprout. Then necessity turned into habit; although the need no longer remains, the Indians continue to seek out chrysalids and larvae as refined changes of diet.

● 224 When the warriors are gone for long periods of time, the women catch small game by means of snares and traps, for they do not wield any weapons.

226 Curiously enough, the Botocudo are not familiar with fishing, even in its most primitive form, though rivers abounding with fish are to be found in their area.

262 177 Before the time of peaceful contact, they were already familiar with maize, squash and manioc flour, which they obtained in the course of their raids on civilized communities. But they were altogether unfamiliar with potatoes, the manioc tuber, beans, rice, yams, the taro root, etc., which they have since come to know and which they greatly value.

342 The Botocudo set up their shelters by driving slender stakes close together into the ground. [172] These sticks are bent in the shape of a bow, and their tip secured to a heavy horizontal rod which is usually fastened in two trees at the height of a man. The resulting dome-shaped roof is covered with palm leaves, brush, or ferns. A lateral area of about one meter is always left open to permit observation toward the rear and thus avoid any surprises. The fire is lit on the exposed side of the shelter, and the Indians watch over it continually to make sure that it does not go out.

Each of these huts is utilized by a single family.

[261] The shelters are lined evenly in parallel groups of two to eight huts which together form a camp.

When circumstances such as celebrations or the Araucaria seed harvest compel them to remain in the same place for a longer period of time, they build their huts with greater care and make them larger. Two shelters are built face to face and their roofing connected so that the curved sticks are secured to each other instead of being fastened to a horizontal rod. This results in a perfect vault. Each of these enlarged

The hunter who kills an animal is not forced to share it, nor do the others demand this from him.

Yet it is a natural thing among them, and they cannot conceive of any course of action other than to share the proceeds of the hunt, no matter how small, with everyone else.

[127] This same "instinctive" rule also applied to the distribution of plunder following their raids on civilized communities.

They have no judges to solve their disagreements, but attempt to reach a decision first through words and then through a duel.

If a man happens to be killed in the course of such a fight, his close relatives nearly always try to avenge him. Such "vendettas" have often led to the subdivision of the tribe into mutually hostile groups, frequently numerous, which exterminated each other in mass slaughters. This is the main reason for the decimation of this tribe, which used to be quite large and which numbered great quantities of warriors.

The Botocudo manifest their artistic taste in the carefully woven spear ornaments which surround the junction of the blade and shaft; in the manufacture of their arrows; and in the embellishment of the small waterproof baskets used within the huts. They also express it in their multicolored linear drawings and the fringes of their aprons, as well as in the ornamentation carved or burned in, which adorn many of their implements.

Their gourd rattles are heavily decorated. The handle is covered with a cross-braiding made with the black fibers of imbó-mirim bark; the base of the gourd is surrounded with multicolored hair and feathers; the gourd itself is covered with carved designs; and the tip of the handle is ornamented in the same fashion as its base.

Like all primitive peoples, the Botocudo are familiar with the rudiments of those sciences directly related to their daily needs.

They recognize three yearly seasons: summer (lámbang), the time of great heat; winter (kotschóma), the time of cold weather; and autumn (kózóiô-to-kutáma), the time when trees shed their leaves.

The lunar month is called kutschá and calculated from one full moon to another. Their recognition of seasons provides them with the concept of a yearly cycle; they are also guided by the flowering of certain trees and the ripening of certain fruits.